

2
A
ROD FOR REVILERS:

O.R, A

GENTLE FLOGGING

K.P.
FOR THE

REV. MR. HUNTINGTON,

AND

MISS MORTON.

BY A LOVER OF JUSTICE.

Leading Captive Silly Women.

PAUL'S EPISTLES.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY T. WILKINS, ALDERMANBURY,

SOLD ALSO BY J. MURRAY, PRINCES STREET, SOHO,

M D C C L X X V I I I.

BOOK FOR REVIEWERS

GENERAL LOGGING



REV. MR. LINGTON

MISS MORTON

BY A LOVER OF THE ARTS

Printed by W. B. E. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

LONDON

Printed and Published by W. B. E. Smith, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

P R E F A C E.

COURTEOUS READER:

I HAVE long seen and lamented, the destructive Inroads that have been made in the Peace of the Church, and the wanton and illiberal Attacks on the Characters of its Ministers, by a Person who has assumed the fictitious Name of Huntington. To particularize THEM, might, to THEE, be unnecessary, and to myself, would surely be laborious; for the Language of Contention and Abuse have abounded in almost every Sermon he has preached, and in every Page that he has written.

I have much admired the very prudent Forbearance that has been shewn toward
Mr.

Mr. Hunt, by the Ministers of the Gospel in general; notwithstanding the extreme Rudeness and Personality of his Attacks on them. I speak this to their Honor; as I believe, that a Regard to the Peace of the Church, and a Hope that Mr. Hunt, would abate in his intemperate Behaviour, were the real Motives that influenced their Conduct.

Lately, however, this Reserve has been broken through; and in a Sermon preached before the Associated Ministers, Mr. H's Principles have been very freely examined.

The Consequence of this has been, that Mr. H. has written a Pamphlet, entitled "The PLASTERER DETECTED, &c." in which, the Spirit of furious Wrath is carried to its most excessive Height of ungovernable Violence; and the Language of Personal Abuse, descends to the lowest Degree of gross Scurrility.

This

This has been answered by MADAM DE FLEURY ; and in a Manner that does Honor to her Judgment as a Woman, and to her Character as a Christian. But, Truth, though urged with the most amiable and convincing Arguments, has had no good Effect, either on Mr. H. or his warm Admirers ; and therefore a MISS MORTON has entered the Lists of Controversy, and has attacked the Characters of Madam Fleury, and the Associated Ministers, with greater Asperity and Bitterness (if possible) than even her spiritual Father.

From a View of these Circumstances, my Thoughts have insensibly led me on to compose the following Verses ; and the Design of their being made public is, to comply with the Desires of many respectable Friends, and to expose those Persons, who would shelter the extreme Malignity of their Spirits under the Mask of Christian Zeal. Desperate Diseases require
desperate

desperate Remedies. Mrs. Fleury tried a gentle one ; but it was like pouring a little Water on a raging Fire, and it seems rather to have increased than extinguished it. The present Remedy, therefore, is more severe, and may be compared to those Means which are sometimes used, when all others are found to be ineffectual ; namely—To place a Barrel of Gunpowder in the Midst of the flaming Building, which causing a great Explosion, either prevents the Fire from making still more destructive Ravages, or reduces the whole Building to one common Mass of Ruin.

That this may be the Case with all the Wood, Hay, and Stubble, which Mr. Hunt's Cause is composed of, is the sincere Wish,

COURTEOUS READER,

Of your ready Servant,

P.

A

ROD FOR REVILERS, &c.

I SING of a Man of most wonderful Fame,
Who ran from his Parish and changed his Name :
Has been Cocker, and Gardener, and Coalheaver too,
But has left these old Trades for the sake of a New.

He believes them all Knaves, and he calls them all Fools,
That are bred in a College, or taught in the Schools :
Against Gowns, Forms, and Organs, incessantly prates,
And all those who use them most cordially hates.

Like Ishmael of old, he has lifted his Hand,
Against all his Brethren, who scorn his Command,
And to strike still more deep at the Root of all Evil;
He has lately commenc'd a Law-Suit with the Devil.

Now,

Now whether he shew'd poor old Satan foul Play,
Or mistook, or perverted the Law, I can't say ;
However, some Champion, disputed the Matter;
The Law did defend, and the Lawyer bespatter.

They call'd him Seditious ; a cunning Buffoon ;
A Sower of Discord ; a Gospel Balloon :
That all his Religion, was merely pretence,
Deficient in Decency, Judgment and Sense.

It could not be thought that these Sparks would expire,
They caught the Balloon, and it burst and took Fire :
And Air so inflammable did it emit,
That it smelt like the Smoke of the bottomless Pit.

Wrath, Malice and Envy, compos'd this black Cloud ;
Hunt's Spirit dwelt in it, and utter'd aloud ;
" That these Champions of Truth, were full of all Evil,
" Knew nothing of God, and belong'd to the Devil."

They could not well bear a Scene so satannic,
So retir'd from the Field, in a sort of a Pannic :
And, immerg'd in this Darknefs, for sometime they lay,
'Till FLEURY arose and restor'd the bright Day.

Truth shone out resplendent—with beautiful Mein,
And Meeknefs and Candor, ennobled the Scene :
The dark Spirit of Hunt, could not bear such a Sight
But scowl'd far away, to the Regions of Night.

Thus

Thus foully defeated; such a loud Yell he made,
That his Friends in Amazement, all flew to his Aid :
In a woeful Condition their Champions they found,
Sorely smarting and raging with many a Wound,

O what Sighs, and what deep Lamentations were there,
The Madness of Rage, and the Groans of Despair :
“ I cannot, said Hunt, bear the Weight of this Woe,
For the Hand of a Woman, has levell'd the Blow.”

Now all was Attention and Silence profound,
The Cause was so desp'rate, no Champion was found ;
All declined the Contest, from Fear, or from Shame,
'Till Miss MORTON, unblushing announced her Name.

“ Dear Father of all my most tender Affection !
I love Thee with Zeal that comes near to Distraction :
Thy Cause I'll defend, and thy Foes I'll engage,
And proclaim Thee the wisest and best of the Age.”

The whole Conclave applauded ; and Hunt even smil'd,
And thus he address'd his most promising Child :
“ That Thou art my Daughter, is prov'd by thy Merit,
By the Zeal of thy Words, and the Fire of thy Spirit.

“ With the whole of my Strength, thou shalt go to the Field ;
I'll teach Thee and lend Thee my Weapons to wield ;
And if those are deficient, and Thou still want some other,
Take a few from the Church of thy Old Romish Mother.

B

“ Here,

“ Here, take them in Order, and the first Thou must use,
Is the Language of personal foul-mouth'd Abuse :
This will Discord foment, and create much Confusion,
And if not deeply Wound, yet give painful Contusion.

“ Let your Speech be well season'd with Billingsgate Salt,
And take part from the Bible—lest some should find Fault :
Let the Curses of Shimei—dwell much in your Mind,
And Anathemas—all you can possibly find.

“ Take this other Weapon, and when you're perplex'd,
In defending your Cause, by a difficult Text ;
This will screw it, and twist it, and bend it with Ease,
’Till you even can make it to speak what you please.

“ Take my Breast-plate of Pride, and place over your Heart,
And my Shield of low Cunning, to repel ev'ry Dart :
On your Head, let my Helm of bold Impudence stand ;
And my Sword of Contention, grasp well in your Hand.”

Thus Arm'd—This bold Amazon enter'd the Field ;
And thought that her Foes would all easily yield :
Like old Joan of Arc, she appeared, or rather,
Like her dearly beloved and reverend Father.

Her Attack was first made on Hunt's Clerical Foes,
And she gave them some hard and unmerciful Blows ;
Then, flaming with Fury, laid violent Hands
And tore clean away all their Gowns and their Bands.

Now

Now Volley's of Curfes, flew thick round each Head,
 And wanted but Pow'r, to have struck them all Dead;
 Thefe Weapons malignant, ſhe did ſkilfully handle,
 And Anathemiz'd all—by Bell, Book and Candle.

Then ſtraight toward MADAM de FLEURY ſhe turn'd,
 While her Rage and Reſentment moſt fearfully burn'd;
 How dareſt Thou (ſaid ſhe) my Good Father ſo Vex!
 Thou Daughter of Moſes, and Shame to the Sex!

Truth, juſt at that Inſtant came into the Field,
 And FLEURY took ſhelter, behind her broad Shield:
 Then to MORTON, her clear and bright Mirror apply'd,
 That her Zeal might be prov'd, and her Spirit be try'd.

Her Zeal appear'd like to a great raging Fire,
 In which Candour and Meekneſs were ſeen to expire;
 Diſcretion and Prudence, fled away in Amaze,
 While Folly and Madneſs rejoic'd in the Blaze.

Her Spirit appear'd with a Fury poſſeſs'd;
 Wrath, Malice and Envy, all rag'd in her Breſt:
 Pride urg'd them to Action, with dreadful Command;
 And the Torch of fell Diſcord, blaz'd forth in her Hand.

The peaceable Virtues, all fled with Affright,
 They could not well bear ſuch a horrible Sight:
 Down the Cheeks of Religion, the Tears did deſcend,
 To receive ſuch deep Wounds in the Houſe of a Friend.

Truth,

Truth, then with the Air and the Voice of a Queen,
 Her Children all summon'd to attend on the Scene;
 With silent Attention around Her they throng,
 And these Lessons of Wisdom, drop't sweet from her Tongue.

" Be instructed my Servants, from what you now view,
 And shun the vile Path that Offenders pursue;
 Bid Anger, and Malice, and Envy depart,
 For the Mind they inflame, and quite poison the Heart.

" Be humble, be gentle, beware of all Pride!
 Renounce your own Thoughts and take Truth for your Guide;
 Let your Spirit be such as your Master became,
 And light your warm Zeal, with the same holy Flame,

" Shew your Love to your Saviour by keeping his Laws;
 And your Zeal for his Name, by defending his Cause;
 But, not with vile Tempers, unholy and evil!
 This is fighting for God with the Arms of the Devil.

" Let your Love much abound, and your Patience increase;
 And live with your Brethren in Friendship and Peace:
 Then Blessings unnumber'd, from God shall be given,
 To make happy on Earth, and to fit you for Heaven."

FINIS

5 MR 64

ue.
ide
e.
ws
afe
en
The